# THE ECHO

-G·H·S-

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# THE ECHO.

THE
BOOK
OF
THE
SENIOR
CLASS
OF
GEORGETOWN
HIGH
SCHOOL
1917.

The photographs in this book are the work of the "Riddle Studio."
Baker's Printing House, binders, stationers.
Editor Irene Graybrook.

SENIORS.

TO BRING TO US IN AFTER YEARS MEMORIES
OF GOOD TIMES AT WORK AND PLAY;
TO HELP RECALL THE FACES OF
CLASSMATES ,FRIENDS AND TEACHERS;
TO KEEP ALIVE THOUGHTS OF
OLD G.H.S. AND OUR FOUR
YEARS SPENT WITHIN THE
CIRCLE OF HER PROTECTING CARE.
WE PRESENT TO THE CLASS AND TEACHERS,
THIS BOOK.

## CLASS ROLL

Gayle Arganbright
Allie Roy
Brook Markwell
Castle Martin
Frank Murphy
Georgie Clipp
Newland Roy

## CLASS OFFICERS

President — New land Roy
Sec't. and Treas. — Georgia Clipp

## CLASS MOTTO

"Not at the top but climbing."

## CLASS COLORS AND FLOWER

Pink and Green — Sweet Pea

## HONORS

Allie Roy.

Brook Markwell. "Meg"

"Thy modesty is a candle
to thy merit."

Gayle Arganbright.
"Argie"

"The force of her own merit
makes her way."

Allie Roy.
"Pat"

"Queen of the rosebud garden
of girls."

Georgia Clipp. "Peg"

"She hath no skill in living--
but to love."

Newland Roy. "Nugie"

"My strength is as the strength
of ten,
Because my heart is pure."

Frank Murphy.
"Hank"

"Life is too short for mean
anxieties."

Castle Martin.
"Tom"

"Men of few words are the best men."

# C L A S S  H I S T O R Y .

## Chapter I.

Nearly 2000 years ago the boys and girls lived in ignorance, except those who possessed wealthy or noble parents.Even those received very little education.Education has gradually advanced from year to year.Our ancestors who lived in ignorance would be glad to know that it has been modernized to a very high degree,and that almost every person has received some learning. New schools are being established every year in the whole surrounding country.

Only five years ago the Georgetown High School was bagun. Only four years ago,although it looks a long four years,was the beginning of the Senior Class of 1917 as Freshmen.

The Freshman Class collected,about the middle of September, at no.8 school house.It was a most memorable day.It was the starting point in their career.The day was bright with the sun smiling down on this Freshman Class.The Class was composed of eighteen students whose names follow;Misses Allis Roy,Georgia Clipp,Glenco Dewees,Elizabeth McCollough,Brook Markwell, Frances Meariwether,Esther James and Ruth Rupp.;and Messrs.Newland Roy,Harry Rutsell, Robert Thomas,Herman Caterer,Jesse Mc Kinney, Frank Murphy,Arch Murphy,Reese Keller,Albert Perkins, and Castle Martin.Their teacher was Prof.Millard L.Tyler who stayed with them the entire four years.Their studies consisted of Latin,

Algebra,English,Rhoeteric,and Composition,and Ancient History.

They had commenced the most jolly part of their lives,which will be realized when the four years are remembered long after the graduation of the Senior Class.They had started a battle between Books and Minds, Earnestly they worked, sorrowfully the worried, when a problem was too hard to solve.It was not long until a student withdrew,and later another.The snow made a deep impression on their minds;They loved "to soak" each other.They also "soaked" and reaped some of their pleasure from the Sophomores them.Some of the boys almost won trouble for them selves for snow-balling in the streets of Georgetown.Mr.Joseph Kraft,the probation officer,came th their school and gave them a little talk.It taught them a lesson.All the while ,time was speeding fast. Another thing which agitated them was the small pox,which caused the rest to be vaccinated.Some of them caught the chickenpox which was roaming thru the country at the time.

When spring opened their favorite sports were horse-shoe, base-ball,dare-base,and often a wrestling match.These were continued thruout the school.They went to see the NewAlbany Centennial the same year.They had two examinations on which some had a high average and others a low one.This is usually characteristic of all schools.Finally school was out,a few songs were sung and they were dismissed until the next term.They received their reports several days afterwards, which told that most of them bad advanced.The four months which intervened seemed a great vacation for those who had studied hard.

## Chapter 8.

Again they met,but this time in the old [illegible] home at Georgetown.The class had dwindled down to twelv.Those who failed to return were;Rosco Keller,Albert Perkins,Harry Stovall, and Elizabeth Mc Cullough.Ida Vince Moore was added this year. Botany took the place of Spanish History,and about the middle of the term Biometry replaced Algebra.Two boys had failed to make their grades in Latin the year before and were put back.After a few weeks Robert Thomas dropped from our list,later on Hames Fowler quit and then only ten remained of this years Senior Class. They were a fairly good crowd in Latin but when were tried to recite. they would put the cards in the desk,ponder the sentence by even counting size.Even if they did make a mistake,they hardly ever failed to study.Some of the problems would have occupied the whole side of a sheet of theme paper.In Botany they had to do a great deal of drawing.

One boy hung on overshoes on [illegible] as part of school. Some of the others took paper wads but were very careful that the teachers did not see them.Fare-beau was their favorite game. Checkers was played during mild days,or some kind of funny talk was started. These boys thought they would play a joke on Ida Moore These boys were Garland Day,Tonee Talbot,and Arch Murphy.They went in the small room and held the door on Ida Moore.The bell rope was in there.Miss Moore tried several time to get in, but gave it up and acted in a peculiar manner.She called the Sophomore Latin class.The boys opened the door to come out.Ida Moore told them to just stay in where they were.

One stayed at the door,another about half way to his seat and the other went almost to his seat.Then one said,"Come on lets stay in here."So back they went and closed the door.The day was clear and chilly with the cold wind blowing.Ever once in a while they could set up a cough.They were getting cold.Then twenty minutes was about up,then Moore opened the door,The boys were huddled back i in a corner with overcoats and caps,girls cloaks and fascinators around them.Their faces were turning blue from cold. They were very glad when the door was opened for them to come into the room.Geometry seemed to be the hardest study for most of them. Although they all advanced in it except one boy.All the most passed in the other studies.On the last day the school had a picnic near Cook's Mill.The boys had to pay for the ice-cream and the girls furnished the dinner.All of them enjoyed the day,perhaps more than theyever did in their lives.It was a day of jollification and the ending of the present year for the new high school graduates.

But as the great joy of the nation was turned to mourning at the successful close of the Civil War over the assassination of the beloved president,so the joy of this happy picnic party was,within eight days,turned to mourning over an automobile accident,that injured several of the girls and caused the death of Esther James.Esther was a girl of great promise. She was an excellent student and was loved by all who knew her.

Chapter5.

The beginning of the Junior year, the class consisted of seven students, one had quit and another had failed in two studies. They had many compositions to write.They nearly always had to hand one in every Monday.This was their first year for debates.They They did fairly well, although this was their first attempt. Miss Reeves was their teacher besides Mr.Tyler.Domestic Science was was offered the girls and the boys studied Agriculture.

Miss Gayle Arganbright started this year and later in the year the class was increased to ten students by the entrance of Harlett Murphy and Irvin Mayphy.They had a great time both in and out of school.Some of them had to sit up in front for doing some sort of mischief.Once wheat was thrown at them,but it was not the only thing.They returned the "fire" when given a chance.

About the middle of the school term,the new high school building was finished and quickly occupied by the students.A parade was given in honor of the new school building and also honored by having a very rainy day for the celebration.

Time slipped away as usual.It was not long until the last day arrived.A few songs were sung and they were dismissed.

One event at the close of the year which comes to all Juniors is the great pleasure they have in entertaining the Senior class.This was no exceptional class in this matter.They gave the upperclassmen a most delightful reception in which the Class colors were used in the decoration and "Eats".

Only one discouragement was given this newly organized school, which they later have been able to down.This was the obtaining of the commission.
This was left for us to get as seniors.

Chapter4.

The Senior Class started with six members,but Brook Markwell entered after she had recovered fromsillness.Another girl went to New Albany.

The students studied Commercial Arithmetic, German,English, and American History. In Arithmetic the boys ledbut in the other studies the girls led in the standing of grades.A German society was formed and met monthly at each other homes and enjoyed a jolly time and also always "Eats" galore,Dutch lunch.The effects of these ,"Der Deutsche Verein" meetings were felt by the members for a week afterwards sometimes.

The teachers were Mr.M.L.Tyler and Misses Emma M. Swindell and Irene Graybrook.

When theclass gets started they are a very noisy bunch.They smack and knock each other just for the fun of it.The weapons of defence were erasers,chalk,ink,rocks,and paper wads. Some times the Senior faces were sprinkled with ink,other times a inky stripe was drawn down the middle of their faceor else some one was painted.They loved to tease Miss Arganbright. She would act as though she were angry.She often accused the w wrong one.It was very hard for her to catch them.For every time she looked around no fountain pen was in sight.Pictures were drawn on the board which were horrible enough to frighten a monkey out of its wits.

Once a storm came up which shook the house by a great puff of wind.The room was so dark that they could not see the questions written on the blackboard.A lamp was lit which helped a little. They found later that a cyclone had passed within two miles of them.This year may also be remembered for the number of colds.

Several speakers came to talk to the school.Some spoke on patriotism.One presented the school with"The Star Spangled Banner".This was the year that the U.S. was cast into a war with Germany.We hope it will be successfully carried out. This is the ending of the four years.They will be given a reception by the polite juniors,who they fondly love and give thanks to them with all their hearts.They also lovingly give thanks to the teachers who have taught them these four years. They say goodbye to the Freshmen and Sophomores and to the old school.They will have a baccalaureate sermon and then commencement.Thus reviewing our high school days,may we gain strength and encouragement for the future.

C.J.M.
'17.

A RECEIPT FOR WISDOM.

One headful of brains to which add equal portions of algebra and geometry.Mix well.Then slowly stir in with this a good sized cupful of literature,a medium sized cup ful of history,a pinch of commercial,a pinch of civics and a heaping teaspoonful of botany.After this has been well mixed in the brain add the most important ingrediant--foreign languages.Care should be taken not to add too much of this ,as it makes the dish too strong for the average person.It is very healthful, as there is no danger of over eating.The seasoning---attitude and effort--- may be added to taste.

ex. --I.G.

# P O E M .

Come into the CASTLE,"PAT",
For the swift keen GAYLE has flown.
Come into the CASTLE, "PAT".
I am here at the ARCH alone.
And the sweet watered BROOK
Winds slowly abroad
And the CLIPP of the GAYLE is gone.

Come into the NEW-LAND,FRANK,
For the Persian spring is flowing.
Come into the NEW-LAND,"HANK".
The "ARGIE'S" here at the CASTLE alone.
The BROOK runs deep wherein you near sank
At the "PEG" in the ALLIE alone.

Gone are the high school days
But the sweet thoughts,memories,shall stay.
Gone are the glad wild ways
We spent with eachother so gay.
But the text books and assignments shall stay
In the school wherein we did play.

There has fallen a sorrowful tear,
For the future holds each ones fate,
We are going dear friends,goodbye.
We are going fond teachers,farewell.
Old Father time cries,"It is done,it is done".
The unknown future whispers,"Have hope".
Our comrads and teachers quote,"Be of good cheer".
And our hearts weep,"I faint".

I.C.

## POINTED

It happened down by the beach,where a little boy sat on a fence,swinging his feet.Beside him sat a little girl,a playmate.

" I'll tell you my name if you'll tell me yours? said the boy.

" Well,what is it?"said the little girl.

"Lemme Kishew. What's yours?"

" Ollie Wright", said the little girl, and then she dug her fairy toes in the sand and smiled.

# C L A S S  W I L L .

We the Senior Class of Georgetown Hegh School,being of sound mind and knowing the uncertainty of life and death,having our share of fun and study,and endured our part of the hardships, do make this our last will and testament, in the following manner:

We direct and order that all our just debts be payed with convenient speed.

We will and bequeahhh our Class picture to the office,to be hung in a place of honor over the desk.

We leave our "stand-in" with the teachers to the class of '18.

Yet before taking our departure we would bequeath to the undergreduates,who have encouraged us in our trying moments, singly anr severally our following possessions, to wit:

To the Cicero class we leave our German note-books to be used for future reference and our English note-books to the Sophomores along with Arch's " Little Birds and Bees". To Agnes, Georgia leaves her power of understanding and to Ruth Markwell, Castle,his ability as a Mathematician.Newland bequeaths to Ernest his remarkable gift as an orator along with Brooks knowledge of Cicero.Frank desires that "Tinny" shall have all his shooting apparatus which he has acquired much skill in using. To the departed "Purk",Allie has left her talanted voice and to Hazel Harritt her dimond ring.Frank's beautiful faces are also left to Hazel with the hope that she may finally adopt some of these.

expressions for the entertainment of the class for next year. Gayle donates to Georgia Jenkins the honored and time worn green dress which has been so prominent around G.H.S. this winter.To Harry Tyler, Frank contributes a collar and Newland the black and gold tie "with compliments of Pete".Castle's new dimes he has willed to Earl,who he hopes can have them redeemed for full value.Newland has agreed that Agnes shall have his love experiences To Oiletta ,"Peg" leaves her dictionary, which she having mastered is only glad to help someone else to this accomplishment.Frank, with much honor dedicates to G.H.S. his newly published book of poems,which is to be used in future years in the curriculum of English.Newland after having faithfully executed his position as flag waster for the past few years is ready to trust this honor with all the salary to "nosmme".Georgia's ink splotched middy, which has figured so prominently in the ink contest,goes to Beatrice Harry resignes his position as assistant physician to Sherman, since Brock has left to Frances her aptitude for fainting at the most opportune times.Castle desires that the Domestic Science Paper Department have his vinegar jug, with the hope they will provide for it a resting placeshere it will be free from all confusion with the molasses jug.As a contribution t o Zetta's hope chest Allie donates the G.H.S. pillow along with Gayle's one lone hand-painted plate.

We hereby constitute THE CLASS executors of this will. In witness there of,we ,the above named testators ,hereunto set our hand and seal,this6th. day of May, in the year of our Lord, nineteen hundred and seventeen.

THE SENIOR (THEIR) (1917) CLASS. (SEAL)

Signed in the presence of each other and in their presence.

E.H.S.:E.L.T. : I.G.

G.A. '17.

PROPHECY

PROPHECY.

The soap bubble rose higher and higher ,gaining in beauty as they rose.Suddenly they began to grow dimmer and finally burst, and the scene I saw was no longer that of the soap bubbles. I found my self in a hastily constructed hospital tent,amoung many wounded soldiers.The United States flag waved bravely over all.Just as I begun to seewhere I was and to realize the condition about me,a youthful nurse appeared.At first she did not seem to observe meand bent over the bed of one of the suffering men, patted up the pillows,straightened the covers, talking cheerily to him all the while.In the mean time,I had ample time to study her.Something about her looked familiar.She was tall, had dark wavy hair, was dressed in nurses uniform and wore the red cross upon her sleeve,making a very pleasing picture.Every soldier's eyes lightened up as she came to them as if her very presence helped.But now she came to see me and coming up to me said,"I suppose you are one of the nurses, the Doctor promised to send." I wasn't aware of having been sent any where but I was anxious to see more of this so I willingly allowed her to give me orders, and did not try to corrent her mistake.She sent me to another tent, and while going there I saw another familiar figure, in a tent,wearing the red cross on her sleeve.She seemed to be very busy cocseting dainty and appetizing dishes for the soldiers. She seemed so capable and happy in her work I could not help stopping to admire .

Just then I heard the drum,bugle,and tred of marching feet.Looking in the direction from which the sound was coming, I could see rows and rows of soldiers coming.In front,walking by the side of the General,was the bugle-boy,whom I particularly noticed because he looked so much like one I knew.Turning to a nurse standing near,I asked who it was,and where they were going."Oh",said she,"Don't you know that the United States is in war with Germany?Those boys are going to fight and the ones you see here were wounded in battle,the bugler is a boy just out of High School who likes to be in the thick of things but who was not old enough to fight,so was employed as bugler."

The army marched past,heads high,shoulders back,singing patriotic songs.

In their wake came a young minister with a bible and hymn book under his arm.He stopped in one of the tents,and I made my way to that place as I wished to know who hw was and what he was doing here.He came up and sat down by the bed of a dying soldier,breathed a prayer over him and commenced to read to him from his bible.The poor soldier seemed very much comforted at the close and peacefully went to sleep,while the minister went on to administer to others.I,tho, was very much puzzled at seeing in the place one whom I had known so well.A nurse was now approaching,so going up to Her I questioned her concerning him. She said,"He is a very promising young minister,and he could not stand to see so many souls thrown into eternity with out making some effort in behalf of their salvation.

I now began to hunt for something to do, so began to try to do something to alleviate the terrible suffering. The poor fellows, were very brave and seemed willing to suffer even the most intense pain,in the knowledge that it was for their country's sake.One kept calling cantinually for some one or something.Itried to calm and soothe him,but he would not be comforted.Finally ,however, he gave me a letter ,with a bullet hole in it.By perusing it I gained that it was his sweetheart that he was calling for.The doctor had just come in and was looking at thepatient.Shaking his head he said,"Too bad, too bad this poor boy will probably never see a nother sun rise.If we could only give him what he desires---probably it will be the last thing we will ever be able to do for him.I showed him the letter and by our combined efforts we managed to send a letter to the girl.

In the evening she came laden down with flowers.The patient had lain several houre in a stuper, and we had not been able to arouse him,but at her coming,he awakened and immediately seemed better.

Again I was much surprised to find it was an acquaintance, a very dear little class mate.

I was beginning to think, surely the wonder of wonders was happening.Here in almost a single day all the class of O.H.S. was assembled who just a few years before had parted on commencement day.Did I say all, no, there was one missing.Where was he? Could he be one of the wounded soldiers I had not seen?I found the nurse I had first seen and asked about him.She said,"No,

some one had to stay at home and raise food for the soldiers, so he probably in the field hoeing potatoes, planting corn and thing like that."

This picture now began to fade and the scene changed. I now found myself sitting by the side of a bowl of water, a pipe in one hand and a piece of soap in the other. It was but a dream and had broken as the soap bubbles I had been making.

B.M.
'17.

# F A R E W E L L .

G.H.S. for whose honor we have fought
With hopes that rose and fell,
In prime of our hasty thought
Farewell.

And they that strive, 'tis trusthey love
To give you of their life,
Seeing your love burn high above
Their strife.

Their strife that strengthened thru these years
Shall ne'er lay still as long
As the burning hope will last in years,
"So long".

But still thru hope,dismay and that,
Your light on them has fell.
Dear G.H.S. whose name we sang or that,
Farewell.

Love hangs like light about your name
As music round the shell.
Not even one can take a tame
Farewell.

Farewell, the Seniors say, only being
A friend whose time has come
Farewell ,the class says ne'er seeing
Their fun.

Farewell! Farewell to the gold,
And farewell to the black,
Farewell to those that to them told
The track.

Now we'er going to leave you
Cannot you hear the bell?
Be honest,faithful and true.
Farewell.

"The heights by great men reached and kept
Were not attained by sudden flight,
But they while their companions slept,
Were toiling ypward in the night."